

Breil

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Repertoire Metropolitan Opera Company

# The Legend

A Lyric Tragedy  
*in One Act*

Book by Jacques Byrne

Music by

Joseph Breil

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Selection Piano Solo	-	-	-	\$1.00
Intermezzo	-	-	-	.60
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# THE LEGEND

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A Lyric Tragedy in One Act

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## CHARACTERS

COUNT STACKAREFF (otherwise known as Black Lorenzo)...*Basso*  
CARMELITA, his daughter.....*Dramatic Soprano*  
MARTA, an old servant.....*Contralto*  
STEPHEN PAULOFF, a Hussar commander and lover  
of Carmelita.....*High Baritone or Medium Tenor*

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Soldiers

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Locale of the action—A mythical Balkan country called "Muscovadia"

Time—Early Russian



## ARGUMENT

Carmelita is the beautiful daughter of an impoverished nobleman named Count Stackareff, who has an estate in the wild uplands of Muscovadia. Her father has given Carmelita the best that Europe could afford in education, but dwindling rents have forced him to retire from diplomatic circles, return to his mountain home and lead a double life.

Unknown to any but his daughter and the men who form his band, he is Black Lorenzo, a particularly cruel bandit and robber. At the opening of the story, Stackareff has in his toils a wealthy merchant from Prague whom he is hiding for ransom. If the messenger with the ransom does not come this night, he tells Carmelita, he will put the merchant to death.

It is the night of Walpurg's Eve and according to an old legend, the devil walks abroad that night knocking at people's doors and if any one opens the door to the knocks and finds no one there, he dies within the year.

Stackareff leaves Carmelita after supper and goes to the cave where his victim is confined, while awaiting the messenger with the ransom.

Carmelita is then told by Marta, an old Magyar servant, that a soldier named Stephen Pauloff has encamped in the glen, and is coming to see her. She had fallen in love with Stephen some time previously in Vienna, while there with her father, when he was in the diplomatic corps.

She does not know that Stephen has been sent by the authorities with a troop of soldiers to apprehend Black Lorenzo. But she is torn between her love for Stephen and the fear that he will find out her father is really the hated bandit. So she asks Marta to tell her fortune with cards. The cards show the Queen of Hearts, the King of Diamonds and the Ace of Spades.

Carmelita is affrighted by the death card and asks Marta what it means. The old crone will not tell her but goes off mumbling to herself.

In the midst of the storm two loud knocks on the door are heard. Thinking that it is Stephen, Carmelita runs and opens it to find no one there. Immediately she thinks of the legend.

Therefore she is afraid to go to the door again when Stephen really comes. But finally she does so and in his arms forgets for awhile the dread of his knowing who her father is. The forbidding legend too, passes from her mind.

In the midst of their love making he tells her that he has been sent to apprehend the bandit, Black Lorenzo, dead or alive. Again the tormenting dread comes to Carmelita, that if he should learn who her father is, he will leave her. She makes him swear before a statue of the Virgin that he will never forsake her. The oath being consummated she is overjoyed and rushes to an outer room to don riding habiliments that they might go immediately to a nearby monastery to be married,

while Stephen goes back to the ingle nook, sits before the fire and in his happy dreaming falls asleep.

Stackareff enters. He is startled at finding a stranger in his home. At first he assumes him to be the messenger with the ransom which he is awaiting. Upon closer examination, however, he discovers him to be a soldier. Suspicious of the soldier's purpose, he calls Carmelita. She introduces him as her *fiancee*. Stackareff welcomes him courteously, and pledges their happiness in a roystering drinking trio.

The conversation leads inevitably to the young man's business in the valley, ending in the disclosure so dreaded by Carmelita. Stackareff escapes out to dispatch his victim, and Stephen, spurning Carmelita, tries to go after him. Carmelita makes frantic efforts to restrain him. She pleads with him reminding him of his oath, but he upbraids her cruelly.

Maddened by the fear of losing him, and being intent upon her father's safety, she struggles with him, and in her frenzy stabs him. He falls dead upon the floor. Just then two shots ring out through the storm that is raging without, and the mortally wounded Stackareff is brought in by two soldiers, who when they see their captain dead, aim their muskets at Carmelita. The curtain descends, after which is heard the final shot through the music of the *finale*.

## THE LEGEND

CURTAIN;

*A living room in the lodge of Count Stackareff's estate. At right is a large, open fire-place in which logs are brightly burning, half surrounded by an angle nook on the up-stage side. Back of it is a wide window through which the rugged country-side is seen, now drenched in a wild storm. Next the window is a door leading outside. Down stage, left, on heavily tapestried walls are various instruments of the chase, some pictures and a statue of the Virgin, before which stands a little prie-dieu. In the centre is an oaken table still spread with the remains of supper. Stackareff and his daughter are seated. His mood is a mixture of bravado and cruelty hidden under a suave exterior. He raises his glass and drains it off.*

*(Lightning and thunder crash.)*

STACKAREFF: And so behold, fair daughter mine  
None know me, Count Stackareff,  
As Black Lorenzo,  
Terror of these wild hills.

CARMELITA: But father, the danger and disgrace  
That it would bring on you and me,  
If it were known that you and Black  
Lorenzo are most truly one.

STACKAREFF: Fear not my child,  
For on this very night  
I do expect a ransom, sent by speedy  
Messenger to liberate a merchant of  
Great wealth, whom I detain in safe  
Duress; guarded by my trusty men  
In a near-by cave.  
Soon with the many golden coins  
That the ransom now will bring,  
Far over sea we'll haste away  
To that fair land where liberty doth reign.

CARMELITA: Father!

*(Lightning and thunder.)*

STACKAREFF *(menacingly)*:

*(Pouring himself another bumper of wine.)*

If a musketeer should follow me  
To storm my camp and take me prisoner,  
I'll kill the wretched man before  
The dawn.

*(Carmelita starts and shudders as she hears this threat and gestures to her father as though to dissuade him. Stackareff drinks and throwing his cloak over his shoulder gets up and goes to the door.)*  
*(Lightning and thunder.)*  
*(He stops at the door with his hand on the latch.)*

STACKAREFF: And now to see how this poor wight  
Doth fare on the poor food my camp  
Can ill afford, of hard black bread  
And mountain water cold.  
*(He laughs cruelly, waves his hand to her and exits.)*

CARMELITA: Woe is me!  
That my poor heart is riven,  
Between a daughter's love  
For one so base, as my dear father,  
Has become through cruel circumstance;  
And that other love entrancing  
Sweet, for Stephen Pauloff whom  
I met in Vienna's sunny streets.  
'Twould end his love for me,  
If Stephen did but inkling get  
That father was a brigand.  
Then should I much be pitied  
For I love him well:  
Ah! woe is me!

*(She gets up from the table, goes to the statue of the Virgin and begins to pray):*

Oh Virgin Mother sweet,  
Of all the world. Look down  
On me in my most bitter trial,  
And grant from out the ocean  
Of thy love, that Stephen shall  
Never know, Father and Lorenzo are the same.  
For should he most unhap'ly learn  
The truth, he'd spurn my hand  
As too unclean, to take and hold  
In wedlock's holy grasp.

*(As Carmelita finishes her prayer, Marta an old servant enters, looks about cautiously and goes to the fireplace to warm her hands.)*

MARTA *(whispering)*: Mistress!

CARMELITA: What is it Marta that makes  
You so distraught?

MARTA: When coming from my son, Rudolpho's  
Cot, I was accosted by a stranger  
In a gloomy glen. Handsome and young,  
He was in soldier's garb.

CARMELITA (*uneasy*):

A soldier!

What could he want on this wild night?

MARTA: He told me he was hunting with his men,  
And asked me, was I wending to your house?

CARMELITA (*agitated*):

Quick now, Marta, did he give his name?  
And whence he'd come?

MARTA: He said: Tell your mistress sweet,  
That her Stephen comes, when camp is made,  
To seek a welcome in her tender arms.

CARMELITA (*joyously*):

Quick Marta, quick, bring wine and cake,  
And pile the fire high with logs  
That joyous welcome I can give to him,  
Who holds my heart in his strong hands!  
(*Marta busies herself about the table and fireplace.*)

CARMELITA: Oh cruel moments that so slowly pass  
Until the joyous hour when he doth come.—  
I know not what the motive is  
That brings him here to-night  
Except it be to bear me off to some  
Kind priest to make us one in Holy Church.  
Oh! joy is mine: if hap'ly this the matter be.

(*Marta, having replenished the fire, sits by it in gloomy thought.*)

CARMELITA (*going over to Marta*):

Come Marta dear, your manner ill befits  
This happy time.  
What gloomy thought doth cloud your visage now?

MARTA: The Legend.

CARMELITA: What Legend?

MARTA: 'Tis handed down on countryside  
From father to son, these many moons  
That on the eve of Walpurg's day  
The Evil Spirit stalks abroad,  
And whoso opes to his fell knock,  
And finding no one there,  
Dies within the year.

CARMELITA: A plague on all those silly legends:  
They are false.  
Come, tell my fortune with your well worn cards,  
Perhaps a prophecy more kind, you'll find.

(*Marta takes a pack of cards out of her bosom.*)

MARTA: A lack-a-day!

*(She shuffles the cards, cuts them into three piles and lays them on the floor):*

A lack-a-day!

Take you the top card off each pack,  
And pray that fate will be most kind  
To you.

CARMELITA *(takes up the top cards and looks at them):*

The King of Diamonds, that is my love;—  
The Queen of Hearts, surely must be I;—  
*(with alarm):*

The Ace of Spades!  
What meaning comes from this?  
It's black enough and dire  
To wish me ill.

*(Marta picks up the cards quickly and after shuffling them, lays them out again.)*

MARTA: A-lack-a-day.

CARMELITA: Come, cease your croaking!  
I'm sure you'll find  
That fate won't play me  
Such a scurvy trick again.

*(Carmelita takes the top cards again and finds the same result):*

Come, tell me Marta, what means  
This wicked ace, that seems to  
Shatter all my fondest dreams?  
*(Pleading):*

Marta!

*(Marta gathers the cards up hastily and goes towards the stairs.)*

MARTA *(As she goes up):*

A-lack-a-day, A-lack-a-day!

*(She exits.)*

CARMELITA: What horrid fear doth gather o'er my heart,  
Because the cards do tell a tale unseemly?  
It cannot be, that on this night  
When Stephen comes,  
All things will go not well!  
Avaunt cruel phantom,  
From my mind ill-placed  
By mumbling crone, whose days  
For love, have long gone by!

*(Carmelita has brought herself into a happy mood once more.)*

*(Two knocks are heard on the door.)*

CARMELITA: 'Tis he, I know I heard his knock,  
Half drowned by thunder's frightful roar.

*(She rushes to the door with joyous laugh and opens it. No one is there. She is dismayed. A flash of lightning and roar of thunder greet her. She shuts the door with a bang and returns to the ingle-nook.)*

CARMELITA: The legend that the evil one,  
Doth ride upon the storm  
On Walpurg's night with his  
Fell henchman Death to happy lovers?  
Ah; woe is me!  
That on the eve of this, my heart's  
New day, an ugly portent must begloom me.

*(She weeps silently and does not observe the figure of Stephen passing the window. He knocks):*

That knock again!

*(Stephen knocks and calls.)*

STEPHEN: Carmelita!

CARMELITA *(joyously)*:

For certain now 'tis he!  
No wandering demon that,—  
'Tis manly voice, oh joy!  
'Tis he, for certain now,  
'Tis he, 'tis he!

*(Stephen enters the door, comes down the stairs, and takes her in his arms.)*

CARMELITA: Stephen dear! now surely do I  
Know your love is true.

STEPHEN: Carmelita, Carmelita!

CARMELITA: What but love could bring you  
Through this storm in these  
Wild parts, to see your chatelaine to be?

STEPHEN: 'Tis naught my love.  
The cold rain drops that smote my cheek,  
While riding through the glen,  
Were but the tears that coursed your face,  
A long time since, when we did part.  
The gusty winds did seem to me  
The kisses I now call my own.  
So come into my arms, beloved!

*(Stephen takes her in his arms, kisses her and leads her to the ingle-nook where they sit down.)*

STEPHEN : Heavenly eve, that brings me again  
To see my lady's face;  
And take her kisses warm and tender,  
After the long and weary years apart.  
The face that haunted me in wintry camp,  
When wounded on my cot I prone did lie.  
Now I swear we'll never parted be again!  
I'll bind you with sweet and holy bond  
That naught can break but death.

*(Stephen takes from his breast pocket a necklace and shows it to her.)*

CARMELITA : For me?

STEPHEN : For you, my own:  
'Tis an unworthy gift, yet  
An outward token of the love  
I bear you.  
Come let me place it on the  
Snowy neck, that tempts my kisses  
Even in my dreams.

*(He places the necklace around her neck and kisses her ardently.)*

CARMELITA *(repelling him coquettishly)* :

For shame sir, such liberties to take,  
With the daughter of Count Stackareff!

STEPHEN : Your pardon Princess, such pride in you  
Will not equal yet by half, my pride  
When marriage hath changed your name to Pauloff.

CARMELITA : Oh happy day, when you do take my hand,  
Before God's altar, claiming me your own!  
I love you Stephen young and brave  
With all the breath of life.—  
We'll dwell forever in love's sweet bliss.

STEPHEN : Yet not by half so much as I love you,  
For I crave you, yes you I crave.  
I love you with all my life:  
Come seal our nuptials with a kiss.

*(They embrace, sit before the fire and gaze dreamily into it. Meanwhile the storm outside gathers in fury and then abates.)*

STEPHEN : The storm abates. So now we'll hie us to my camp—

CARMELITA : Your camp?

STEPHEN *(not noticing her interruption)* :

Take horses and before to-morrow's dawn  
Will reach an ancient monastery  
That I know full well,  
Where Father Anselm will make us one.



CARMELITA: What camp dear Stephen?

STEPHEN: Yes, a lucky mission brought me  
To this place which hap'ly is  
So near your house.

CARMELITA: What mission except that of love  
Did make you ride through this  
Most hellish night?

STEPHEN (*laughing*):  
When lovely woman asks in curious wise  
No hidden secret can be kept from her!

CARMELITA (*insisting*):  
Tell me Stephen what the motive is  
That brings you here with such a retinue?

STEPHEN (*seriously*):  
Know then, that roundabout this vale,  
A bloodthirsty rogue, named Black Lorenzo--

CARMELITA (*startled*):  
Black Lorenzo!

STEPHEN: Hath long terrorized the people.

(*Carmelita shows signs of dismay.*)

His culminating crime, it doth appear,  
Was the abduction of a wealthy merchant from Prague,  
Whom he holds now for  
A mighty ransom near this very spot.  
He threatens that unless the gold is  
Sent to him this very night,  
He will despatch his victim before the dawn:  
As he has already killed the merchant's followers.

CARMELITA (*controlling herself*):  
In what manner dearest, do you  
Propose to deal with this vile monster?

STEPHEN (*drawing his sword*):  
This is the only argument for him and his tribe,  
Be they young or old.  
But if perchance he will tamely surrender,  
I'll take him and his men to jail in Prague  
Where he will be tried and hanged,  
Dog that he is!

(*Stephen goes to the window and looks out at the storm.*)

CARMELITA (*aside*):

He must not know the dread relationship,  
There is between me and Lorenzo;  
If so he does, I must say farewell to happiness  
Ah me! Ah me!

STEPHEN (*from the door*):

My love, the storm abates;  
I'll look outside o'er yonder craggy mount,  
To see if safe the roads might be  
For you to ride.

(*He starts to open the door, she rushes to stay him.*)

CARMELITA (*excitedly*):

No, do not I pray, dear Stephen!  
The night is yet too dark.

(*She stands transfixed as the two dread knocks are heard and he opens the door and exits*):

Those knocks! (*in fright*):  
The Legend, and the cards!  
Must he too suffer?  
Must I lose all I love in life  
For this one fearsome thing!  
I, Black Lorenzo's daughter?  
No! A thousand times no!  
I'll make him swear on bended knee  
Before the Virgin here,  
He ne'er will leave me!

(*Oblivious of her agitation, Stephen returns closing the door.*)

STEPHEN: We'll try the path my love  
And meanwhile I will leave on guard  
My trusty men to see that  
He can not get away.

CARMELITA (*coaxingly*):

You are sure my lord, you love me  
And will ever treat me well in after years?

STEPHEN: You alone for evermore,  
I could not swear it truer.

(*Carmelita takes him to the priedieu.*)

CARMELITA: Come, come, come! swear it then  
To please me dear, before  
Yon Sacred Virgin on the wall.

(*She makes him kneel before it. They cross themselves.*)

CARMELITA (*dictating the oath*):

By your hope of Heaven--

STEPHEN: By my hope of Heaven—  
CARMELITA: And by your fear of Hell—  
STEPHEN: And by my fear of Hell—  
CARMELITA: Swear before this Virgin—  
STEPHEN: I swear before this Virgin—  
CARMELITA: That you ne'er will leave me—  
STEPHEN: That I ne'er will leave you—  
CARMELITA: No matter what betide—  
STEPHEN: No matter what betide,  
No matter what!  
I swear that you and I  
Will never part.

*(They rise and take stage centre.)*

CARMELITA: Loved one, you have filled my heart with joy,  
So let us hasten now to the church,  
Before my father knows, so to surprise  
Him when the morning dawns.

STEPHEN: May God give me grace  
To keep this love after death!

CARMELITA: Oh what bliss when you do take my hand,  
Before God's altar claim me for your own!

STEPHEN: Oh what bliss when I do take your hand  
And when I claim you for mine own,  
Death can never part such love as ours—

CARMELITA: 'Tis far too deeply planted in our souls.

BOTH: What joy, what heav'nly love!

CARMELITA: I love you dearest with all my heart,  
We'll dwell forever in Love's sweet bliss.

STEPHEN: I love you dearest with all my heart  
Yet my duty should be first  
To capture this vile thief,  
But when lovely beauty  
Such as this of my bride  
Is vouchsafed unto me,  
The Devil take bandits all!

*(Carmelita kisses him quickly, rushes upstairs and exits. Stephen goes to the ingle nook, sits down and gradually falls to sleep. The intermezzo is played here.)*

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*(The door opens slowly. Stackareff enters. He is dejected and does not observe Stephen.)*

STACKAREFF: No messenger yet, although the hour is late.  
It seems a shadow lingers o'er my heart,  
As nearer comes the hour I have set for his death.

*(Lightning and thunder):*

In times like this my better  
Nature reasserts itself  
And makes me grieve that I have  
Stooped to wholesale sin.

*(He comes down stage towards the priedieu and regards the statue  
musingly):*

I well remember in my boyhood hours  
Bending my young knees to  
Statues such as this.  
But such vain mouthings as the priests demand,  
Are not for men, who in this life  
Must fight and suffer.

*(Stephen stirs in his sleep and murmurs):*

STEPHEN: Carmelita!

STACKAREFF: How now! a stranger seated in my house?

*(He advances toward Stephen):*

Perchance he is the messenger at last.

*(He examines him closely with rising hatred):*

A soldier, eh?  
Methinks instead of gold,  
It is the sword he brings.  
I must dissemble with my subtle  
Wit and worm his secret out  
Before I strike.

*(calls):*

Carmelita!

*(Stephen hears the call, gets up and smiles.)*

STEPHEN: Your pardon sir, for taking such a liberty!  
But sleep o'ercame me  
After my hard ride.

STACKAREFF *(graciously):*

You're welcome sir, in this my humble lodge.

*(Carmelita comes down the stairs. She shows fear at sight of the  
two men):*

Carmelita my child, make me known  
To our young guest who is a  
Stranger yet to me.

CARMELITA: 'Tis Stephen Pauloff, father,  
My lover, who on a hunt,  
Finds himself near our home,  
And comes to see me ere he fares his way.

STACKAREFF: 'Tis well my daughter, bring us wine,  
That we may seemly drink to your betrothal.

*(Carmelita exits.)*

*(Stackareff and Stephen seat themselves at the table.)*

STEPHEN: This welcome sir, doth deeply touch me  
And I do assure you of my most  
Profound regard as father of  
The one I dearly love.

*(Carmelita enters with a flagon and glasses. She pours out the wine and gives it to them. She watches the men with apprehension.)*

STACKAREFF: We'll drink then to your  
Speedy marriage and happy  
Years to follow.

*(The men take up their glasses. Stephen gives one to Carmelita. She seeks to conceal her fear.)*

ALL: Come now, drink and sing!  
Let the goblets ring  
To the bells that will make us (you) one;  
Drink and sing!

STACKAREFF: This pledge a father's blessing gives  
To lovely daughter,  
That long she lives  
With him she loves!

CARMELITA AND STEPHEN:

We thank you sir, for words so fair  
And pray that no spell  
Shall take this love from us!

STACKAREFF: Come drink to the wedding ring.

ALL: Drink and sing!

STACKAREFF: To daughter wedded to him she loves.

ALL: Drink and sing!  
Come, we'll drink and sing,  
While the goblets ring  
To the bells that make us (you) one:  
And may love divine  
Be with us (you) all time!  
Drink and sing!

*(The men laugh and toast each other. Carmelita does not drink but watches them closely.)*

STACKAREFF: I wish you fortune in your chase.  
My peasantry report wild boar are  
Plentiful among these hills.

STEPHEN: 'Tis not wild boar I am after  
But an old and wary wolf of  
Most cruel malignancy.

STACKAREFF: A wolf you say? I fear you'll have ill luck,  
For wolves of any sort are seldom found nearby.

*(Carmelita's face turns white; her hand shakes.)*

STEPHEN: The wolf I chase is of the human kind, called—  
Black Lorenzo!

*(Carmelita can hold herself no longer. She drops the flagon of wine on the table. It makes a blood-like stain on the cloth. Stackareff starts and darts a look of hate and menace at Carmelita. She is transfixed with terror. Stephen looks from one to the other with wonder.)*

STACKAREFF *(very slowly, muttering)*:  
Black Lorenzo.

*(The storm gathers again. Carmelita looks apprehensively from one man to the other. Stackareff goes to the window and looks out, then returns to the table.)*

STACKAREFF: I wish you fortune in your quest young man—  
*(Lightning flash)*:

Your quarry may be nearer than you think.

*(Stackareff goes to door; thunder and the two hollow knocks; Stackareff opens the door; no one is there.)*

CARMELITA: The Legend! The Legend!  
*(Thunder and lightning. Stackareff with hand on latch.)*

STACKAREFF: The wolf you seek has been your host this night,  
Look, I am Black Lorenzo!

*(He exits suddenly and slams the door with a bang. Stephen is startled.)*

STEPHEN: So! yon's the man I swore I would arrest,  
For his many crimes.  
*(Draws his sword and rushes towards door)*:  
Have at him!

*(Carmelita seizes him.)*

CARMELITA: Oh mercy Stephen for he is my father!

STEPHEN *(trying to shake her off)*:  
There can be no mercy for such carrion.

CARMELITA: But Stephen dear, think of your love for me!  
Does it not soften the fierce hardness of your heart?

STEPHEN: My love for you? ha, ha, ha, ha, na!  
It is as though it ne'er was born,  
Spawn of such a thing as he!

*(He starts again for the door; she races after him. Seizes him and with tears implores him, but he struggles to repel her.)*

CARMELITA: You spurn me too after that solemn oath  
You took before the sacred Virgin there.  
*(She winds her arms around his neck):*

Can you in one moment  
So defy the mandates of your heart?  
Oh never Stephen, shall you spurn me quite.  
My love is stronger far than your revenge.  
Yes, stronger far, so please to sheathe your sword again,  
Let others seize this reprobate who calls me child.  
God pity me!

STEPHEN *(throws her off savagely):*

Unhand me girl. Unhand me girl!

CARMELITA *(blocking his way):*  
Oh pity me!

STEPHEN: Spawn of such a thing as he!

CARMELITA: Never shall you leave me Stephen.

STEPHEN *(furiously):* / \  
Stand you now aside, let me do my duty!  
*(They struggle.)*

CARMELITA: Oh never Stephen, no!

STEPHEN: Away! away! go!

CARMELITA *(very excitedly):*  
Rather would I kill myself and you  
Than suffer you to leave me!

STEPHEN: Then must I kill you too to make this arrest?  
*(They struggle wildly while the storm outside again grows in ferocity. He is about to lunge at her with his sword, but she is too quick for him and grabbing a knife from the table stabs him in the breast. He falls and she gazes at him with terror in her eyes.)*

CARMELITA: Stephen, Stephen!  
*(A shot is heard outside and the shouts of men. The door opens and two soldiers enter supporting the dying form of Stackareff. As they see that Carmelita has killed their captain, one of them lets go of the body of Stackareff which falls down the stairs, and levels his musket at Carmelita.)*

CARMELITA *(in despair):*  
The Legend!

*(The curtain falls and behind it through the music of the finale, a shot is heard.)*

THE END.

## *The Latest Successful Song Cycle*

# Songs of Roumania

### A Cycle of Three Songs

Words by Edward Teschemacher

MUSIC BY HERMANN LÖHR

( Keys: Low, Medium and High )

The composer of these delightful songs has a special claim on our attention from the fact that he has already written such unusually successful cycles as "Songs of the Norseland" and "Romany Songs". He plunges at once into the passion of the poem of the first song of this present cycle and gives us a melody as full of vigor as it is of beauty. There is a certain spontaneous vitality and rhythmic sweep in "Oh! the blue Roumanian Mountains, home of my hearts desire" not unworthy of Schumann. Hermann Löhr writes not merely with experience or merely with technical skill, but with skill and experience blended together by a sympathetic understanding of the message of the poet.

The second song of the cycle, "Life has sent me many roses", is a worthy companion to the now famous "Eyes that used to gaze in mine" from the "Norseland" cycle. Not the least of the merits of this song is its singableness. One might believe that the composer had written down a singer's song, so little is there of work and contrivance in it. Yet it is a perfect work of art in symmetry and form; and the piano accompaniment is admirable.

The last song of the cycle, a "Roumanian night song", has a soothing lullaby accompaniment which is broken near the end only for a moment by one cry of anguish. The song ends as it began, softly and tenderly. The composer has written a simple melody for the voice in this song that sounds for all the world like a Roumanian folk song. Of course, it is not a folksong, but an original melody, and one of those haunting melodies which persist in going through the head for days. How Hermann Löhr writes that kind of a melody is one of the mysteries of inspiration. He has often done it before, and he has succeeded in doing it again in this cycle of "Songs of Roumania".

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**PRICE \$1.00 NET, COMPLETE**



## *New Song Cycle*

# Romany Songs

Words by

[Three Keys]

Music by

Edward Teschemacher

HERMANN LÖHR

A new song cycle by a composer whose name is to be found on so many wellknown songs and on such unusually attractive cycles as "**Songs in Exile**" and "**Songs of the Norseland**" cannot but command the attention of the musical public. For however successful Herman Löhr may have been in the various national styles he seems to be able to assume at will, he is still more successful in writing the kind of music that a modern cultured public wants to hear. He has the great art of writing melodies that live in the memory, whether they have the lilt of an Irish ballad or the romance of Scandinavia in them.

In this new cycle of four gipsy songs the composer has had no striking national peculiarities to help him, for the gipsies of whom he sings are English, and Herman Löhr, is by birth and musical style, an Englishman. It is only to be expected, therefore, that the cycle of songs should have less peculiar harmonies and melodic turns than the Irish and Norse songs have. These songs are more in the natural English style of the composer himself. The hold which these songs have on the listener is the result of the spontaneous melody that never ceases, and on the vitality that never flags. They are the production of a consummate artist whose workmanship is so smooth that it seems easy to those who do not know what the acquisition of artistic facility implies. The robust character of "**The Wind on the Heath**" with its square, masculine, rhythm is a very effective characterization of the outdoor life of these vagrant but good-natured band of tamed savages who are interesting chiefly in songs and ballads. The second song, "**Miri Dye**" (**Mother Mine**) is a quieter movement expressive of the tender memories of a gipsy for the mother he has lost.

"**Where my Caravan has Rested**," is a sentimental ballad that shows Herman Löhr at his best as an English song composer. This number will make its appear anywhere. The last song "**The Magpie is a Gipsy Bird**," is humorous and rollicking.

The words of this number are by Arthur Cleveland and not by Edward Teschemacher the well known and justly popular lyric writer who wrote the words of the first three songs.

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**PRICE \$1.50 NET, COMPLETE**

**THE LATEST SUCCESSFUL SONG CYCLE**

**Songs of the Southern Isles**

**A Cycle of Four Songs**

**Words by Edward Teschemacher Music by HERMANN LÖHR**

**[Keys: Low, Medium and High]**

Hermann Löhr, one of the most eminently successful composers of English songs, has written nothing more melodious than these "Songs of the Southern Isles." The reason for his immense popularity is not difficult to find, for it is seldom that a composer who writes so well and so correctly can also make his music attractive to the general public.

The melody of "Star of the South" is as natural and ingenuous as a folksong. "I Dream of a Garden of Sunshine" is a beautiful reverie in which the voice part, a simple and tender melody, floats above the piano accompaniment and gives the harmonic picture a golden edge.

"Cyprian Night Song" has a tinge of langorous Southern passion. It is tranquil on the surface but there is longing and an echo of sadness in the heart of the singer.

"When Spring comes to the Islands" is redolent of the poetry of May. The rich and rippling accompaniment supplies the accents and the vitality, while the vocal melody wells from the singer like the happy carol of a bird.

The great song-loving public has potent reasons for admiring Hermann Löhr. This new cycle, "Songs of the Southern Seas" is one of them.

**PRICE. \$1.00 NET. COMPLETE**



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